

# Mending scars

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Summary: Divergent high story! Tris. The girl with scars on her wrists, and a dark past moves into the small town of dauntless. Will she find friends or love? Will she ever be able to conquer her past and finally be free? When the new girl comes in town the gang is shocked to meet a piece of fours past. (Rated M for language)

## 1. Chapter 1

The blood crept from my wrist; red satin spilling over into my lap. All I hear is my own heavy breathing...from shock of course. All I feel is the stinging sensation on my left wrist, still pulsing with blood. All I see is my blurry reflection in my foggy bathroom mirror. I'm sitting on the floor with a hot wet towel and a bloody razor on the floor. My tiny fragile body is clothed with a snot and tear drenched tshirt that is long enough to reach my knees, it belonged to my dad.

Why? Why me? It's not bad enough I'm already a freak here, but now I have to be a freak there too? I knew it... I should have ended all last week when I had the chance. Although now, I'm under constant surveillance by my brother. Caleb means well I know he does, and he cares about me; he's the only one that does care. My dad died from heart disease a year ago, and my mom... all she cares about is where she's gonna get her next high.

I don't want to move, but mom said it would good to make a fresh start. A fresh start for what? We'll know her favorite dealer was just arrested last week. Maybe this won't be so bad, or maybe this will be the end of my life! Maybe this is my chance? Maybe this is the reason why I haven't killed myself already? Is this where things will finally get better? Or have I just read too many books with happy endings?

## 2. Chapter 2

We we we have finally arrived. Bitter, I sit still in the car seat silently hoping that it will suddenly start rolling in the direction of home...which is definitely not here. The sunshine casts a very happy and bright glow on our new "home". Disgusting, this isn't home this is gonna be just another place we're gonna live at for a few months. Banging interrupts me from my thoughts; my idiot brother slamming his palm against my window.

"Tris, please get out of this car and give this place a chance?" He says it like a question, but his eyes show its a subtle demand. Sighing I swing my door open smacking the breath out of him in the process. I giggle for one of the first time in ages! Seeing the sight of my brother hunched over clapping on to the white Chevy door handle really cheered me up.

"I'm fine Caleb, I was just lost in thought." I say in my childhood happy voice. Still unable to breathe quite properly he gives me an annoyed look. He knows. I growl looking at this awkward looking house. This is odd to me...the past few days have been nothing but my mother acting like her old self and her trying to get me to sing along to my favorite music. She has been acting..sober? Not for long she won't. I don't know what is going on, and if I should just go with it or actually question it. I miss her. I miss when I was little and she was still my hero; she could do no wrong and I would never be hurt, especially not by myself.

Maybe this house is what is going to save us; I don't see that happening anytime soon, I kick my feet in the direction of the blue door with a welcome mat bowing beneath it. It smells like an older house. It's not the gross kind of old where it smells like mothballs and wet gym socks; it smells like a grandparents house that you stay at in the summer time. Windows on each each side of the house spill in sunshine from the outside world, absorbing the light like a sponge in a water filled sink. There's a staircase leading to the upstairs bedrooms and attic. The kitchen is to the right and the empty living room is to the left. The floors are carpeted with a fuzzy soft sand color I can feel it under my shoes. The walls are a rose gold color. I tread up the stairs careful not to trip and fall like I oh so often do. The hallway has the same carpet as downstairs, there are five doors all painted white. Three are bedrooms and two are bathrooms. I find the bedroom I like most and quickly claim it as mine by dumping the suitcase I was carrying onto the floor. Good news is the floors don't squeak, that annoyed me so much at our old house. My question although is, how are we able to get such a nice house?

"Kids when your done unpacking we are having a family meeting in the living room tonight; I have some very good news to share with you." My mother and her now cheery voice. I hate it...her acting like this. She is acting like everything is fine and she isn't a druggie and the whole family is living in constant depression. But, whatever.

The house oddly enough is nearly connected to our neighbor. The edges of our roofs are against each other with just enough room to dangle your feet, just as coincidentally our windows are right across from each other also. I look through my window to see a suprisingly neat bedroom. The sheets are tucked in military style and the desk has no clutter at all. There sitting on the blue quilted bed... a boy. He looks about my age, maybe about sixteen years old like me? He looks over his shoulder looking at me with wild deep blue eyes. He stares

at me, but only for a moment; it seems like forever until a name is yelled and darts out his bedroom door. He seemed mysterious; like at one moment I swear I could see into his soul. He was hurt inside, but he dosent show it; he has the hurt that you only see when you look deep in a person's eyes. I want to know more about him, but for now I have to unpack I have a long day tomorrow.

End  
file.